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A C C O U N T O F T H E

Birth, Education, Life and Conversation of that
Notorious and Bold Scribbler the

Obfervator :

Containing his many fly Tricks, Intrigues and Devices against the Church and State, as by Law Eftablifhed ; and other of his Notorious Actions from the time of his Birth, to this time :

With a true Copy of his Petition to King James to be Hang'd in the West of England, inftead of being Whip'd according to his Sentence.

With an Account of his Tryal, Examination, Condemnation, and laft Dying Speech at the Place of Execution. With his laft Will and Teftament.

Licensed according to Order.

London, Printed in the Year 1705

An Account of the Birth and Education, Life and Conversation of that Notorious and Bold Scribbler the Observer, &c.

J-----n T-----n was Born in the North of *England*, but in what part he will not declare, for fear (I suppose) he should be prov'd Illegitimate ; or, according to the Language of *Newgate*, a *Son of a Wh---re*. But tho' he conceals the Place of his Birth, we are credibly inform'd his Father and Mother took one anothers Words ; which in those Days were as good as a Bond : And thus this *Nest Egg* of *Fac-tion* was Hatch'd and brought into the World. As to his Education, it was no higher than that of a *Free-School* ; where he had not long been, before he was Expell'd thence for his Roguish Tricks, of Playing Truant, Pilfering his poor School-Fellows Books, and the like. From which Place, in a Tatter'd Condition, he rov'd up and down the *West of England*, and at or near *Chudleigh* in *Devonshire*, attain'd to the high Preferment of Driving Hogs for the Countrey-People, from Market to Market ; where (according to his way). Committing some petty Tricks and Cheats,

Cheats, he had the Honour of being Whip'd at the Carts-Arse through *Exeter*, according to his Demerits: Which manner of Discipline not agreeing with his foul and Loathsome Carcass, he took that Punishment so heinous, that being suddenly after taken among the *Rebels* in the *West*, Try'd, Convicted, and Sentenc'd to be Whip'd, he was so Terrified at it, that like a Bold, Impudent and Incorrigible Villain, Writ a Petition with his own Hand, and Presented to King *James*, desiring to be Hang'd rather than Whip'd. The Contents of which runs to this Effect, viz.

To the *King's Majesty*,

The Humble Petition of T Gentleman.

Humbly sheweth,

THAT Your Petitioner being taken among other Prisoners, in the *West* of *England*, and being Try'd, Convicted, and Sentenc'd by Judge *Jefferys* to be Whipt thro' the County of *Devonshire* and *Dorsetshire*; whereas Your Petitioner was not found in any Actual Rebellion, or the least concern'd in it: And that Your Petitioner always demean'd him as a True and Loyal Subject to all Lawful Princes that Govern'd according to Law, and humbly conceives his Punishment and Sentence worse
than

' than Death it self. Therefore Your Petitioner
 ' humbly Prays that Your Gracious Majesty
 ' would Vouchsafe Your Petitioner so much
 ' Mercy, as to be Hang'd with the rest of his
 ' Fellow-Prisoners, rather than be Whipt in such
 ' an unmerciful Manner.

*And Your Petitioner shall, as in Duty bound,
 Pray, &c.*

Aug. 30.
 1685.

The King then being at *White-Hall*, having
 with wonder observ'd the Contents of his Peti-
 tion, tho' he was satisfied the Author of it de-
 serv'd the Gallows without Petitioning for it;
 told the Nobles, That since *Tutchin* (to his know-
 ledge) was the first Man that Petition'd to be
 Hang'd, for the Newness and Strangeness of it,
 he would Pardon him; which accordingly was
 done, his Sentence being Remitted, and himself
 soon after Discharg'd from his Imprisonment.

But how this ungrateful Person has treated the
 Memory of that Unfortunate Prince, for his
 Royal Clemency, is Notoriously known to all
 that have Read his Observators.

After this and several other repeated Villainies,
 being forced to fly from one place to another
 for Shelter, he at last came up to Town to settle,
 where he Liv'd very miserably for some time,

and

and thinking to mend his condition, he Married an old Cook-Maid from a Merchants House in London, but instead of Bags of Money which he expected from her, nothing but a Bundle of Raggs appeared; being thus leap'd out of the Frying Pan into the Fire, he was forced with his Monilefs Doxy to go a Crusing about the Countrey, till being took up for a Vagabond at Truebridge in *Wiltshire*, he was Flagu'd at the Whipping Post, and Pass'd up here again as the place of his last abode, and being still in a very wretched State of Poverty, he left his Wife with Child to the care of the Parish, and went to shift for himself, and got acquaintance with Fuller in the *Fleet*, where with M——y Oates and Two or Three renowned Sparks for Vilainy hammer'd out the business of the P of W—— at which time he Lodg'd at a Coffin Makers in the *Old Baily* till they were forced to turn their Lou- sie Lodger out of Doors; after which he got into the Victualling Office, where being not Fools enough to believe him, nor Knaves like himself to encourage him, he was forced to abandon that Post, and turn Factious Scribbler for the good old cause, which Vilanous Imployment suiting so well with his natural wickedness, that he grew so Impudent as to fly into the Face of Authority, for which he was Try'd and convicted for the same, at the *Queens Bench Bar* in *Guild-Hall*; before the Lord Chief Justice Holt &c. but by a strange *Hocus Pocus*, having evaded the effects of that Tryal, he is now grown more Impudent

puident than ever, having not only lost all good manners, but committed a barbarous Murther on his honesty, for which his Reputation has been Try'd, Condemn'd, and Executed, as may be observed in the following Lines.

He was brought to the Bar with abundance of Trouble,

And often attempted the Court for to Bubble:

I wou'd have you to know, quoth the Impudent Brute,

It is not the first time I have baffled your Sute.

But as he was going to bring his Demur,
He was stopt by the Serjeant without-side the Door;

And in spite of his Teeth, the Tryal went on,
Till the Murther was prov'd upon Barbarous *John*.

His Sentence was pass'd, to be Hang'd like a Dog,

And so end his Days like a Traitorous Rogue.

He was so enrag'd at the very last Word,

I value (quoth he) not your Sentence a Turd.

But alas! all his Anger it could not avail,

For in hast he was sent from the Bar to the Goal:

And the very next Day, to the Grief of the Mob,
Fam'd *Tyburn* was graced with Scribling *Nob*;

Where a very fine Speech he did make to the Crowd,

And told 'em that *Murther* it should be allow'd:

Or else, (quoth he) *woe to my Friends that are Dead*;
I mean the Good Saints that cut off the K---'s Head,

Or rising in Arms when we please to pull down
 The Church and the State, for the good of the Crown.
 If such trifles as these are deem'd a Transgression,
 Good People yov'e heard *Observer's* Confession.

He renews his Speech to the People:

My Friends observe what I shall here relate,
 How strange Disasters brought on this my Fate:
 I was a Champion to the good old cause,
 And spent my time in reading *English* Laws;
 Old Records, I rous'd up that Mouldy lay,
 From Ages past to this black gloomy Day;
 Once 'tis known, baukt Lawyers bravest Skill,
 And play'd the Knave against the Senates will:
 I Pen'd down Faction as't came in my Pate,
 Two days a Week I Banter'd Church and State;
 Iawn'd on the Queen to hide my black Intent,
 Against her self as well as Parliament:
 Foe and I, tho seemingly we jar,
 We talk of Peace to bring on Civil War,
 For mind us well, 'tis plain we both agree,
 To rub the Clergy down, and so does he,
 He hates the Church and makes it his full cry,
 To plauge the Court and State, and so do I.

His Last Will and Testament.

Well since I must my Life thus soon forego,
 I'll give my Faction's Books to Fam'd D, Foe,
 And that he may be kept up to his *Satyr's*,
 I do bequeath him all my *Observers*;
 My Stock of Impudence, if still he wants,
 To make him bolder than the Modern *Saints*;
 And for my Carcass, which is, very large,
 I'll give my *Cowntrey Man* to bear his charge;
 I've little else to leave, except my Guts,
 To make old *Roger's Wife* the *Queen o'th Sluts*;
 In quantity as near as I can guess,
 About a Bushel be they more or less.
 My Panch I'll give to my old *Hog* to Eat,
 For *Swine* you know, they love such nasty Mea
 And what he leaves, dispose as you know how.
 Among the *Piggs*, but don't forget the *Sow*.
 But hold, my Spirits now begins to falter,
 I'm plaguy Sick, to see the curst *Halter*;
 Therefore to *Doctor Oates*, let that be given,
 That he may go in that fine String to *Heaven*:
 My Pen and Ink I'll give to that brave Scribe,
 To please the Faction's *Whiggs* and Holy Tribe,
 And other things which now I've quite forgot,
 As wou'd have help'd him on to make a Plot:
 My Stock of Credit which is almost Spoil'd,
 I freely give to my *Wife's Sister's Child*;
 Among my Papers laid upon my Shelf,
 Because I got the little *Babe* my self;
 My Spirits Faint, my breath is almost Spent,
 I must Conclude my *Will* and *Testament*.